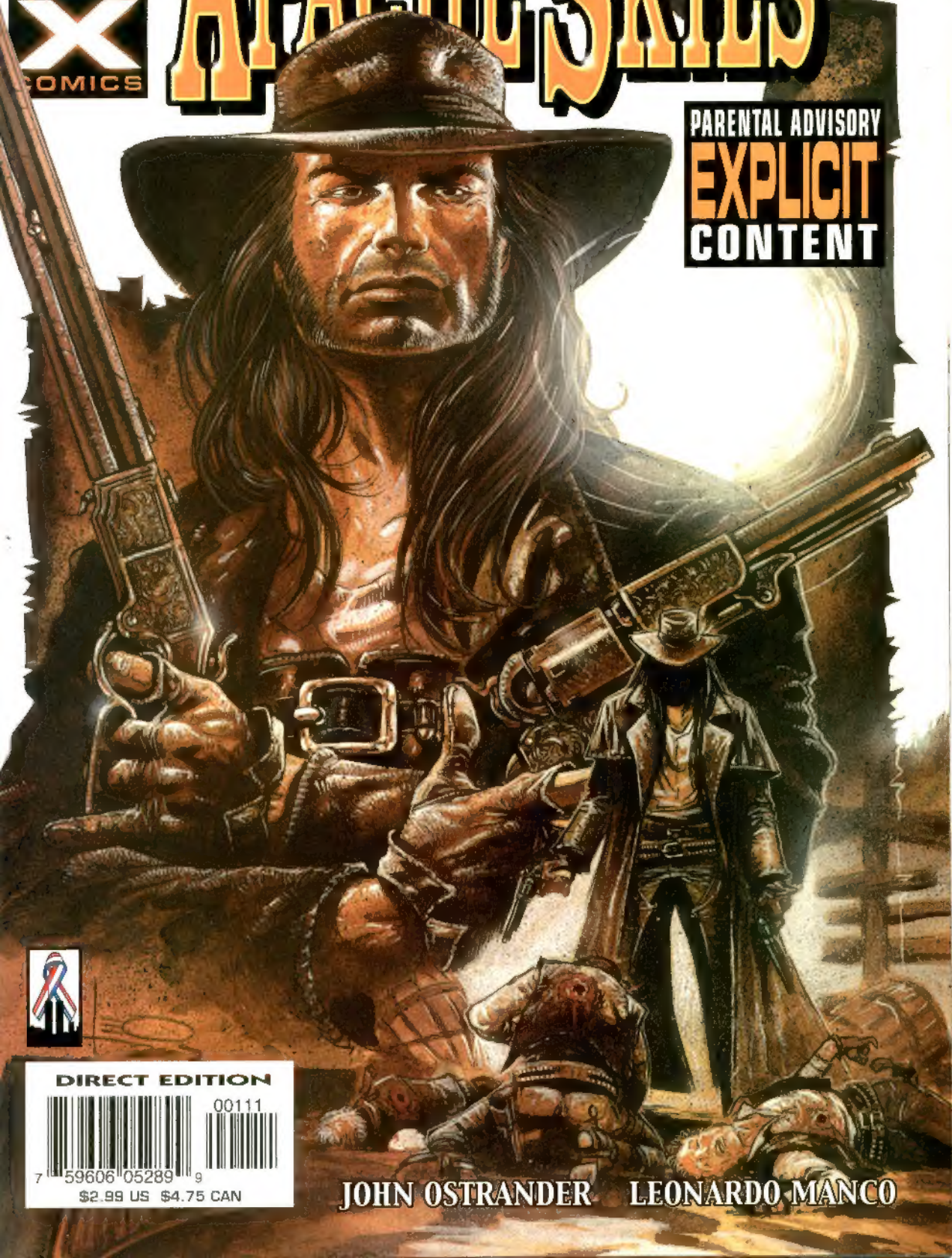




APACHE SKIESTM

#1 OF 4

PARENTAL ADVISORY
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CONTENT



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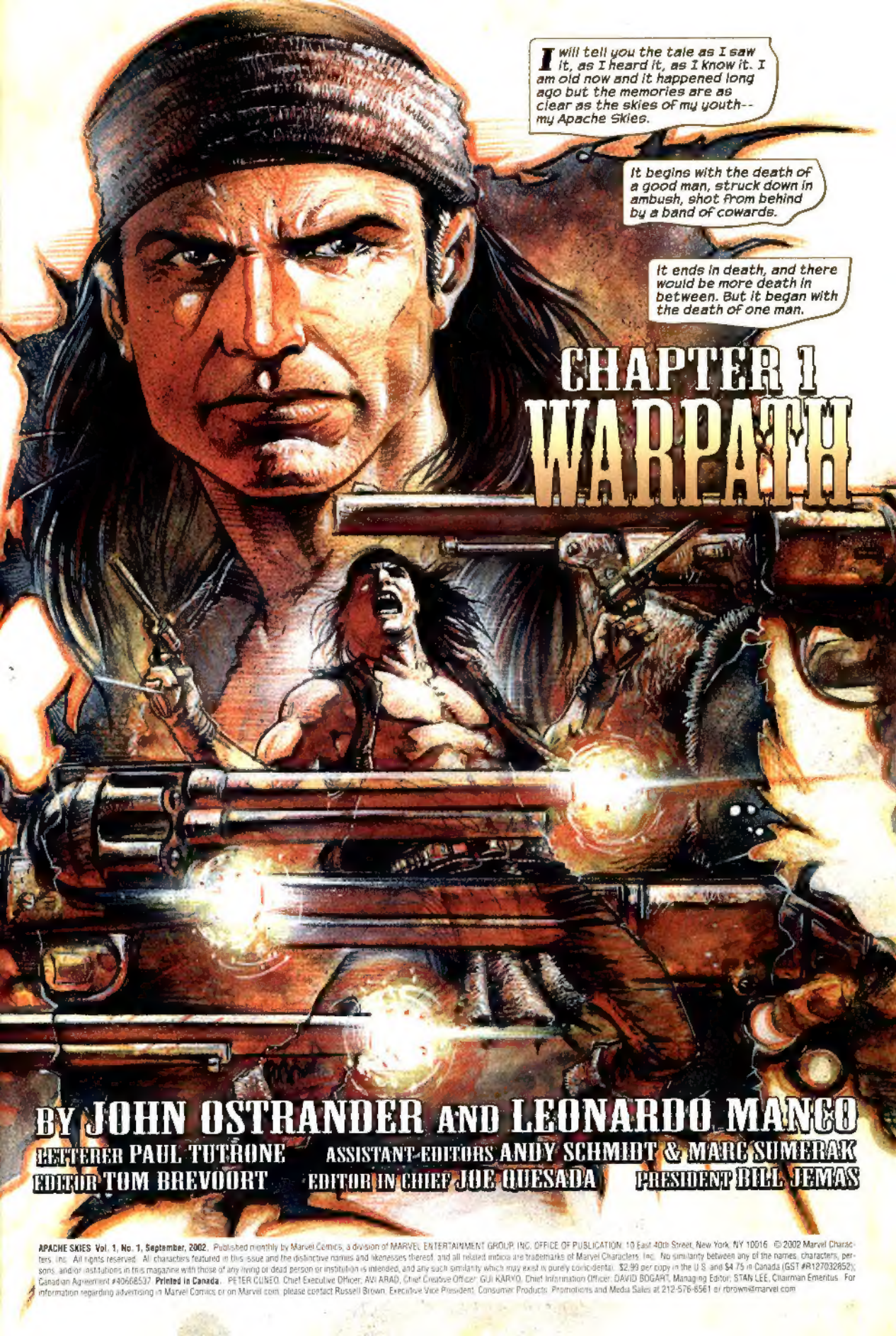


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JOHN OSTRANDER LEONARDO MANCO



I will tell you the tale as I saw it, as I heard it, as I know it. I am old now and it happened long ago but the memories are as clear as the skies of my youth--my Apache Skies.

It begins with the death of a good man, struck down in ambush, shot from behind by a band of cowards.

It ends in death, and there would be more death in between. But it began with the death of one man.

CHAPTER 1 WARPATH

BY JOHN OSTRANDER AND LEONARDO MANCO

PETERER PAUL TUTRONE
EDITOR TOM BREVOORT

ASSISTANT-EDITORS ANDY SCHMIDT & MARC SUMERAK
EDITOR IN CHIEF JOE QUESADA **PRESIDENT BILL JEMAS**

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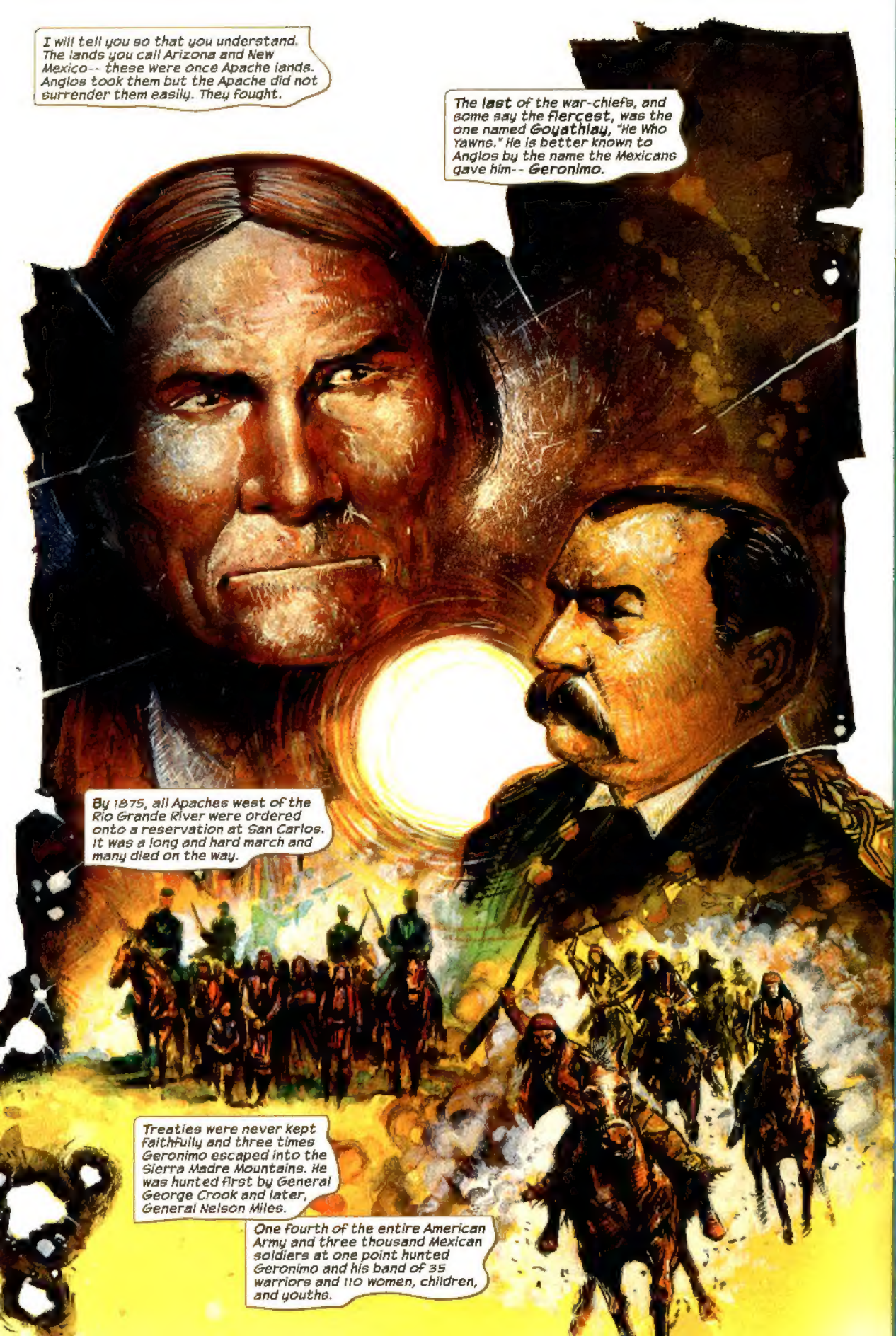
I will tell you so that you understand.
The lands you call Arizona and New
Mexico-- these were once Apache lands.
Anglos took them but the Apache did not
surrender them easily. They fought.

The last of the war-chiefs, and
some say the fiercest, was the
one named Goyathlay, "He Who
Yawns." He is better known to
Anglos by the name the Mexicans
gave him-- Geronimo.

By 1875, all Apaches west of the
Rio Grande River were ordered
onto a reservation at San Carlos.
It was a long and hard march and
many died on the way.

Treaties were never kept
faithfully and three times
Geronimo escaped into the
Sierra Madre Mountains. He
was hunted first by General
George Crook and later,
General Nelson Miles.

One fourth of the entire American
Army and three thousand Mexican
soldiers at one point hunted
Geronimo and his band of 35
warriors and 110 women, children,
and youths.

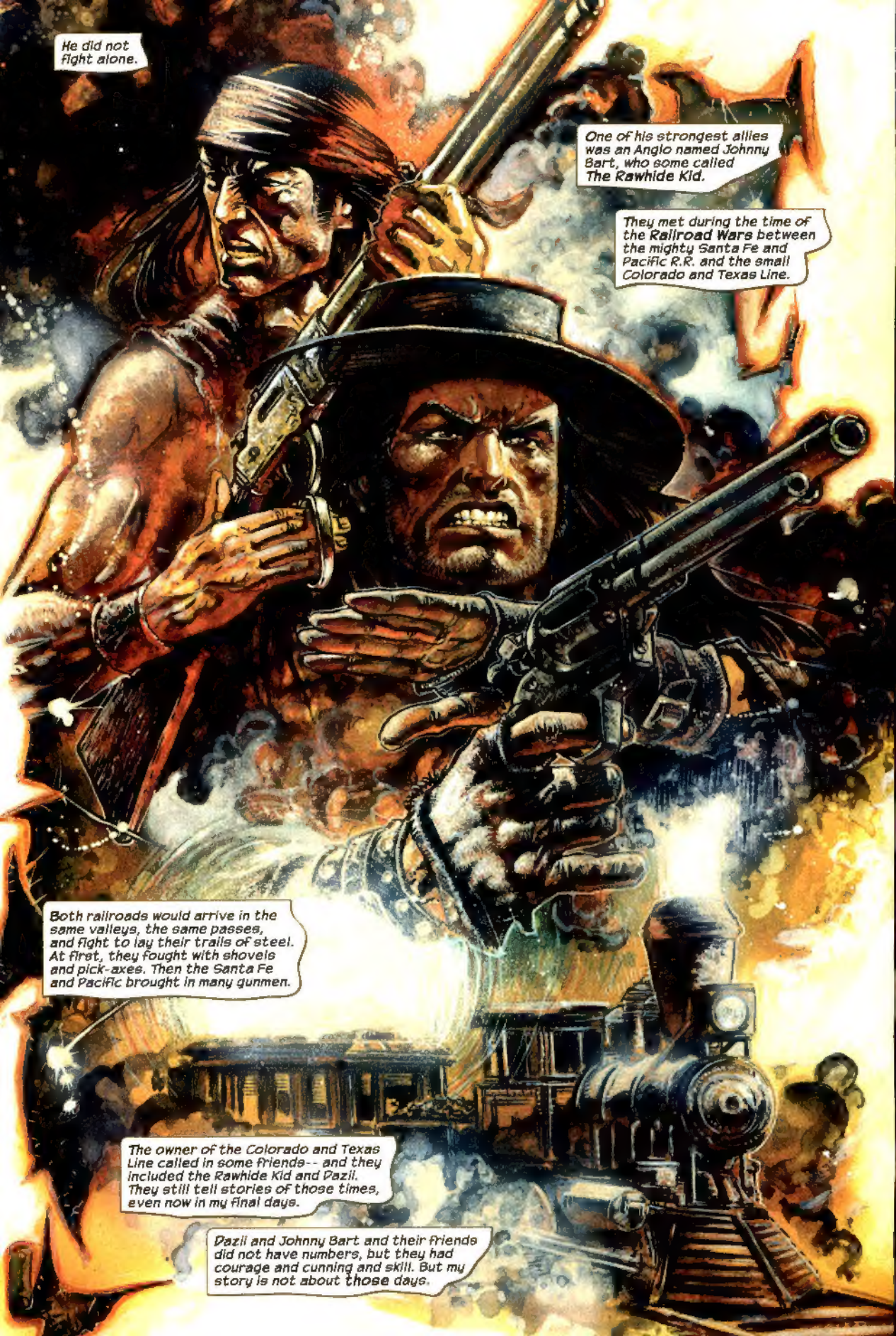




One man stood between Anglos and Apache. His Anglo name was Aloysius Kare. His Apache name was Dazil, which roughly translates as "He Stands Alone." Some called him *The Apache Kid*.

His father was Anglo, his mother was Chokonen Apache. Dazil believed in the Apache way of life but knew the white man was not going away, that a way must be found for the two races to live together.

On both sides there were those who did not want this, and Dazil made many enemies. This never stopped him. He was a warrior, and his battle was for justice and peace between the races.



He did not
fight alone.

One of his strongest allies
was an Anglo named Johnny
Bart, who some called
The Rawhide Kid.

They met during the time of
the Railroad Wars between
the mighty Santa Fe and
Pacific R.R. and the small
Colorado and Texas Line.

Both railroads would arrive in the
same valleys, the same passes,
and fight to lay their trails of steel.
At first, they fought with shovels
and pick-axes. Then the Santa Fe
and Pacific brought in many gunmen.

The owner of the Colorado and Texas
Line called in some friends-- and they
included the Rawhide Kid and Paziil.
They still tell stories of those times,
even now in my final days.

Paziil and Johnny Bart and their friends
did not have numbers, but they had
courage and cunning and skill. But my
story is not about those days.

I will start here. The year is 1886. It is November. The town doesn't matter; it faded away some years later when the cattle and the miners left.

BLAM!

BLAM!

WAAHOOO!

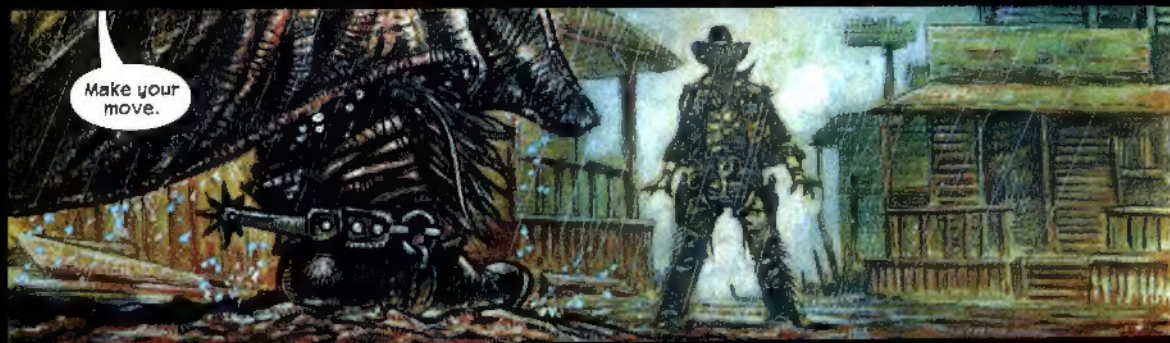
Cole
Williams!

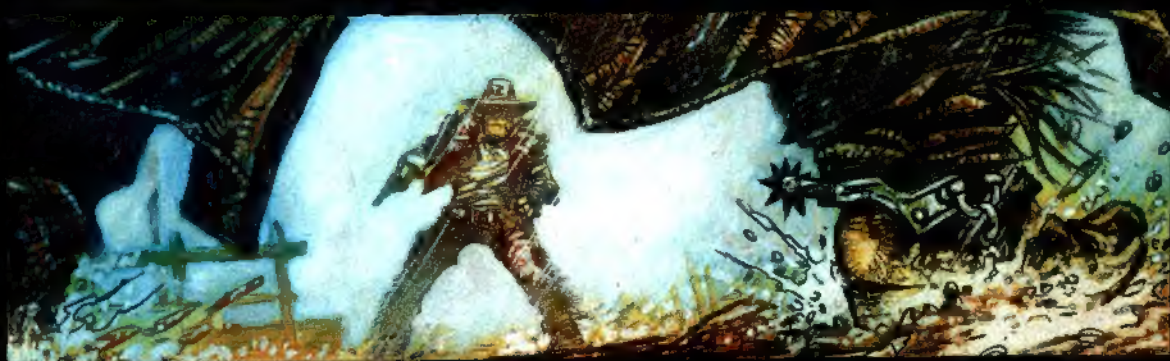
Wh-whut?
Who're yew
and what th'
hell yew want
with me?

I'm the
Apache
Kid.

Kid's
daid!

I know. And
you were one of the
backshooting sons of a
bitch that did it. And
now you're going
to pay.











I was his
woman.

Fifty miles away, in another nameless and lost town, that same night .

...and stay out, McGee!

You can't do that t'me. I'm a daingerous man!

Daingerous!

Show em Show em all!

hee hee hee!
This'll learn 'em!
He he he!

PISHHHHHH!





Now put
your dick away
before you set
the women to
laughing



YOU SMART
MOUTHED--!



BLAM!



GUK!



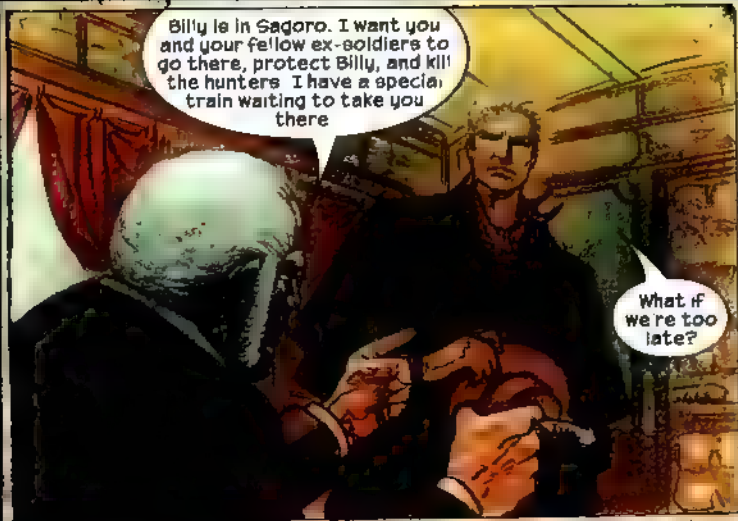
Like I
thought,
McGee. You
were just
too stupid
to live.

From the Journal of William Tyler,
 president of the Santa Fe and
 Pacific R.R. - "October 6, 1886,
 Los Cruces, Texas-- Colonel
 Richard Trask and I met today
 Meeting quite satisfactory
 Details as follows "





Well,
well Johnny
Bart



Billy is in Sagoro. I want you
and your fellow ex-soldiers to
go there, protect Billy, and kill
the hunters. I have a special
train waiting to take you
there.

What if
we're too
late?



Bring me
the scalps of
the killers



Sagoro.



Train leaves
at sunset, folks.
Stretch your legs if
you care to.



Porter?



Appears there's
a number of armed
men in the station
Any particular
reason?

Yessir Son
of the man who owns
this railroad shot and killed
a man. Now somebody's
looking to kill him. The boy's
daddy also owns this
town, so he's waiting here
until his daddy comes
get him.



Lh huh
Anybody know
who is after this
rich man's
son?



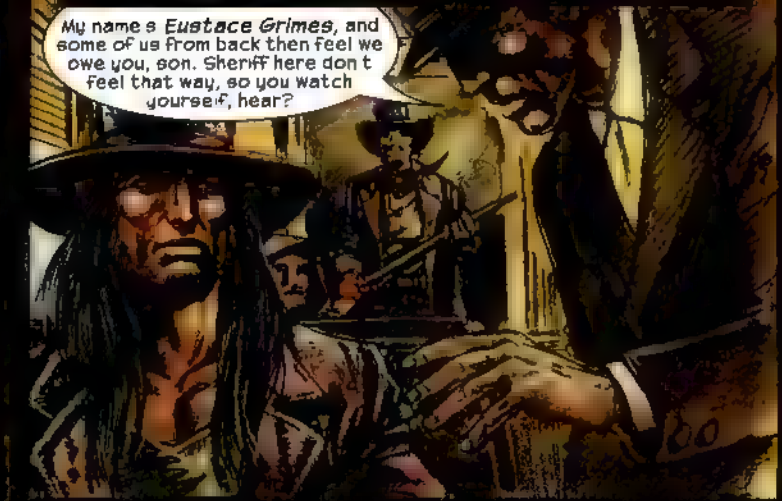
Why, I
expect to
you.



Afraid you're
mistaken.

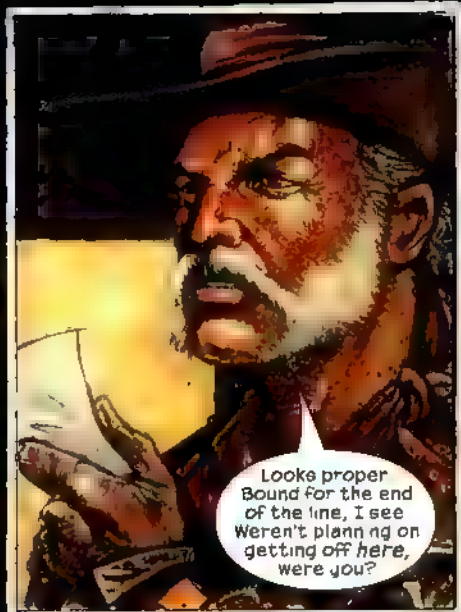


You were
a friend
to us back
then



My name's Eustace Grimes, and
some of us from back then feel we
owe you, son. Sheriff here don't
feel that way, so you watch
yourself, hear?

Nossir. I worked
the Colorado and Texas
Line during them Ra. road
Wars some years back

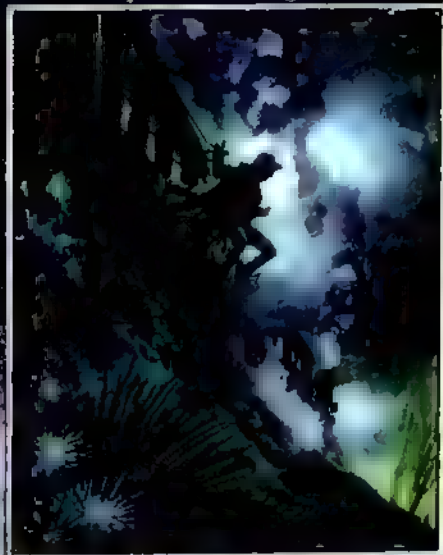


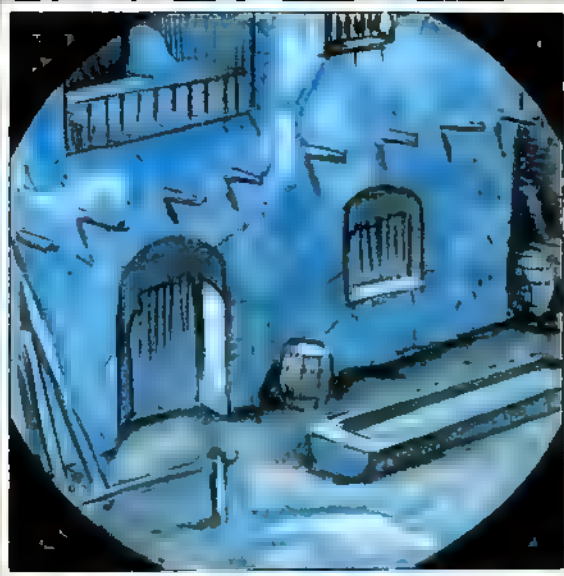
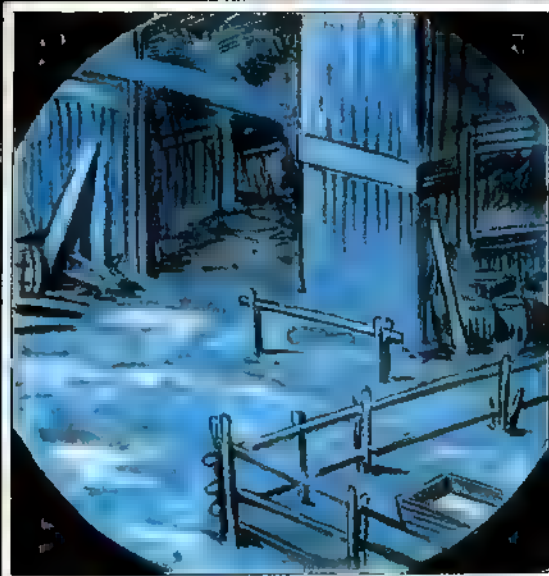


Keep yore
eyes open,
though. Can
never tell

Night fell and
the train left.

CHUFFA
CHUFFA
CHUFFA!







Cummon!
Cummon,
bitch!

Bleeee!
Stop! Not right
out n Ma n Street!
What will peop e
think?!



Got y so y
Dont want ur
wne to n s you
ant get



I m Billy
Tyler! My Daddy
owns th s town. What
do I care what
they think?



I've been
looking for you, Bil y
Ty er t s t me for
you to die

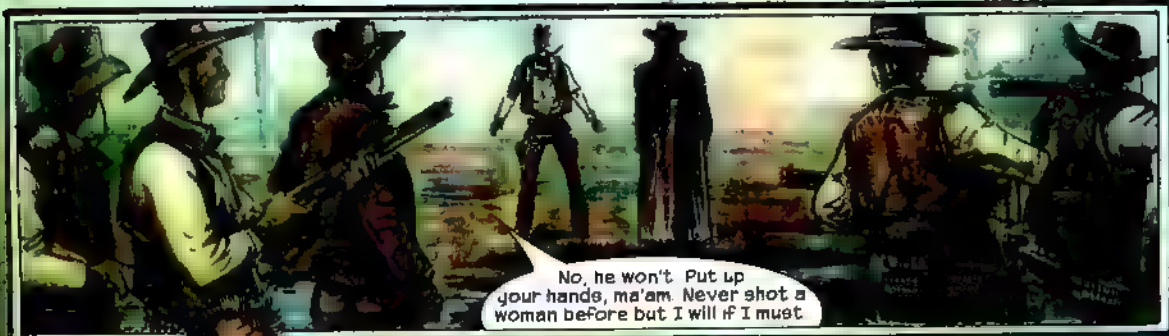
What?



What?



The Apache
kd, as you ca led
him. You shot h m
down from beh nd
now you re going
to pay



No, he won't. Put up your hands, ma'am. Never shot a woman before but I will if I must.

Shoot her, Sheriff!

He! Stand back and just let me do it!



Or I could shoot him if everyone don't drop their guns.

Everybody, keeps calm and doesn't do anything stupid, we can all walk away from this.



Lower 'em, boys. Can't risk.

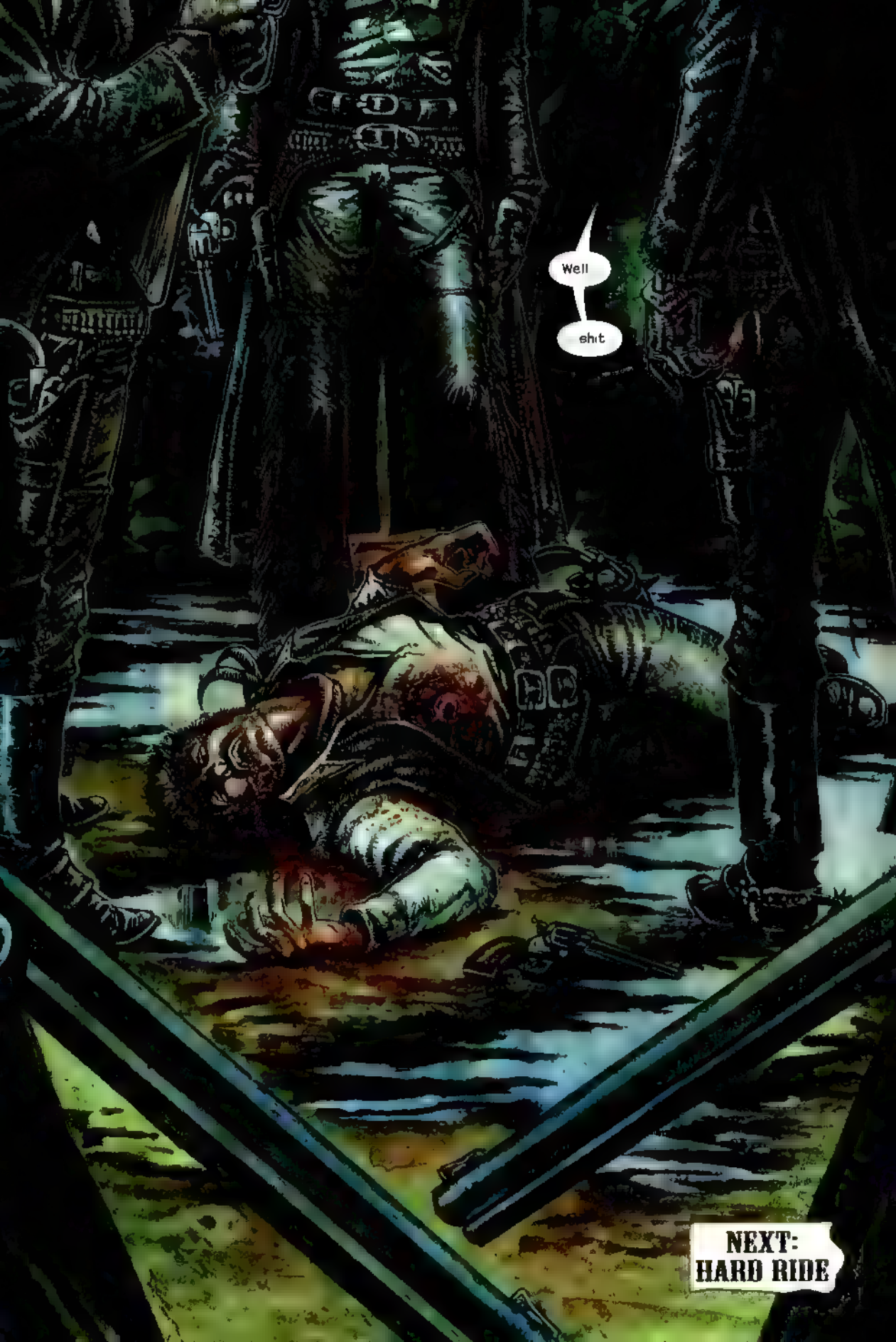


BLAM!



shot me!

stupid b tch has killed me



Well

sh*t

**NEXT:
HARD RIDE**



MAX
COMICS

JOHN OSTRANDER LEONARDO MANCO #2 OF 4

APACHE SKIES™



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Sonuvabitch!

She shot
him!



Yeah. Well

Let's not
make it worse
than it is.



Bitch
Just shot
Billy Tyler down
in cold blood!
Kill her!







2: HARD RIDE

APACHE SKIES BY JOHN OSTRANDER AND LEONARDO MANCO

LETTERER PAUL TUTRONE

ASSISTANT EDITORS ANDY SCHMIDT & MARC SUMERAK

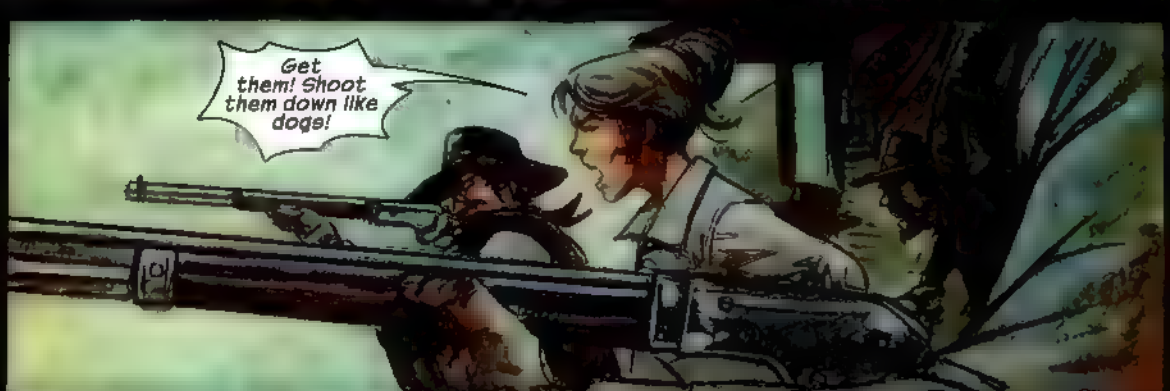
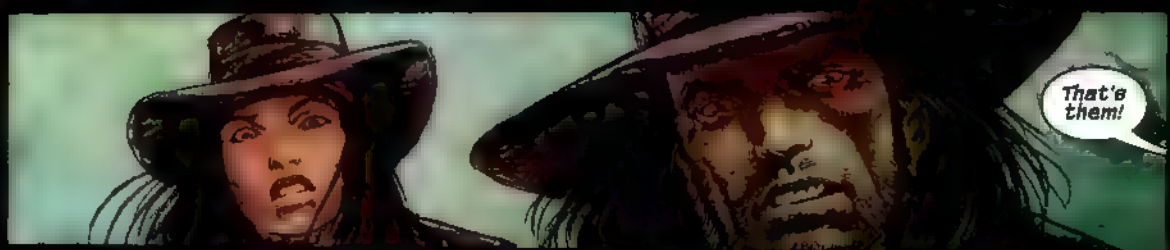
EDITOR TOM BREVOORT

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF JOE QUESADA

PRESIDENT BILL JEMAS

So
much for
that
plan





Head for
that alley
while I scatter
these folk.

Why?

BLAM
BLAM
PKOW
POW
BLAM!



My horse
is there unless
you were planning
on walking out
of town



Damn!

I need
my own
horse!



Plan on
getting a lot
more horses
Come on.



Sheriff
Wilson!
You're ..!

Alive? Yeah. Gunhand
picked his shots
damn careful. Me and
my boys are shot to
shit but we're alive.
And he'll regret
that.



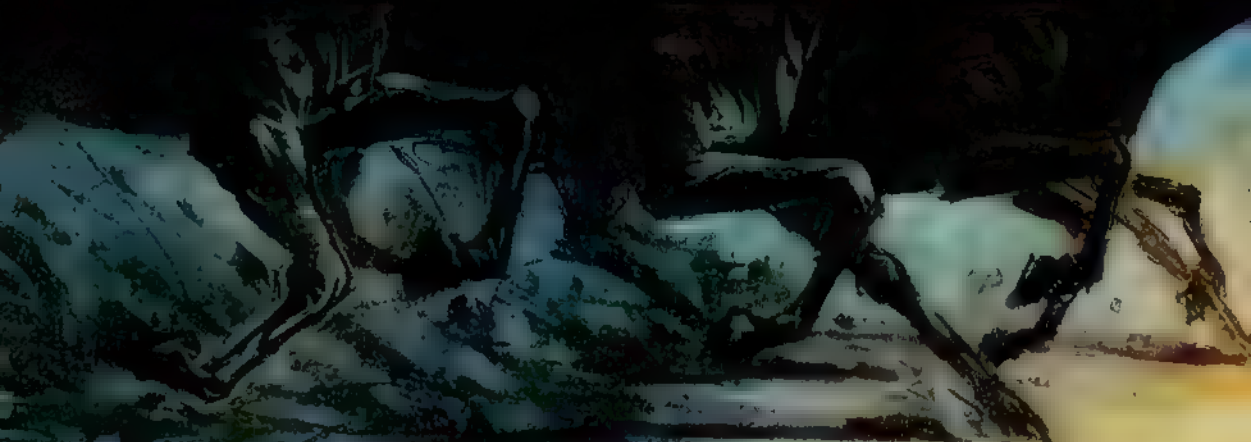
Sheriff! The man and
the woman were
spotted heading into
the livery stable.



Surround it! If they get
away alive, Old Man Tyler's
like to burn down the
town! We..!



Goddamn



RRRUMMBBLLLE!

YEEEE HAW!

Keep 'em
runn ng'

KI-YI-YI-YI-YI!

RUMMBBBLLE!



Sunovabitch!
That's my horse!



BLAM!



You want
we should follow,
sheriff?!

On
what?!



"They run off every
available nag!"

Reckon you're the woman
I heard was picking
off the Apache Kid's
murderers.



You're the
Anglo I heard was
doing the same!
You had no right!
Dazi was my
husband!



He was my
friend and
I never heard
him mention
no wife.

Maybe you
weren't so good
a friend!





Sorry. Stopped a slug
back in town and it's
disagreeing with me
some



I know
some caves
nearby.

We can
hide there, give
the horses a rest,
look at your
wound



Didn't catch
your name
back in town.
Mine's Johnny
Bart

The Mexicans
call me *Rosa*. I
won't tell you my
Apache name,
Johnnybart.

The wound
isn't bad in and
out. These other
scars say it is not
the first time
you were shot.
Not the worst,
either

Maybe the
most *unnecessary*
wound I've gotten,
though. I don't mean to
sound ungrateful for the
doctoring, but what the
hell were you thinking
of back there
in town?



How were
you planning on
getting away
after you killed
Tyler?



I wasn't.
It didn't
matter



Should
always plan
on living. Just
in case you
do

Notice
you picked
yourself
out a nice
pony.

Dazil always
said I had a good
eye for ponies. It's
how we met

I was
trying to
steal his
ponies.



"My mother was an Anglo, taken in a raiding party. I never knew her. She died soon after my birth. My father and the rest of his band were killed by pony soldiers when I was six.

"I was taken to live with whites but I knew, in my heart, I was Apache and I ran off back to them. My people accepted me but I always felt I needed to *prove* myself.

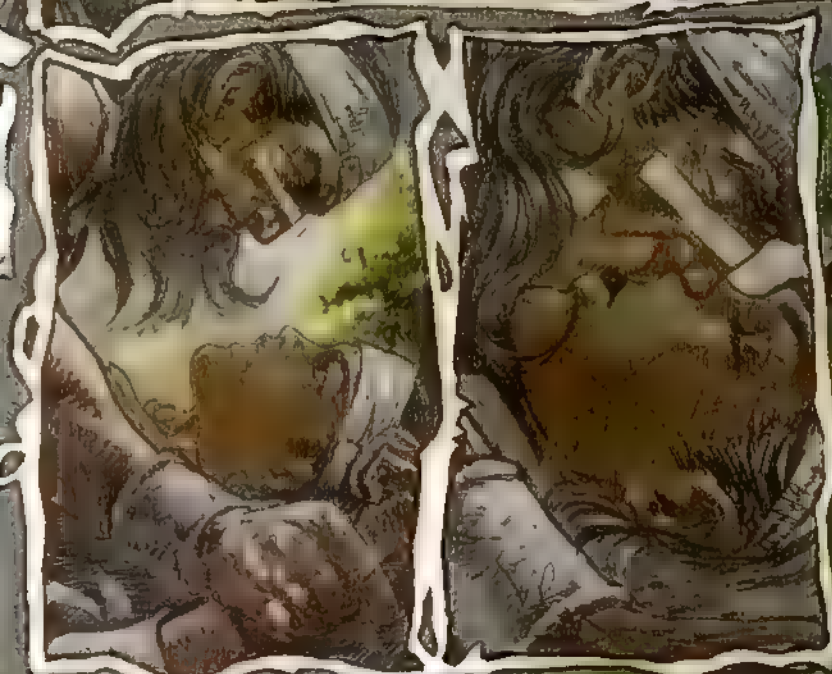
"So I would dress like a man and steal ponies. Oh, I was cunning and silent. Very good at stealing.

"By the time I was sixteen, no one could match me. And I knew no one could catch me."





Let
me go!



Go,

I thought...
I was your
prisoner...



I think,
girl, that I am
yours.



My name is
Dazil in our tongue.
Do not come and
steal my ponies
any more

But come
back and see me
if you wish



"Of course, I
had to come
back. . and steal
his ponies.



"He tracked me
down and took
them back. Took
everything I had
to give. I was glad
to give it to him.

"Dazil, too, was part Anglo,
part Apache. He walked the
path between two races



"When it was time,
Goyathlay himself
said a blessing on
our union.



"But we parted when I
rode with Goyathlay's
raiding party."

This
path is futile.
The Anglos are
here to
stay.



Then
stand with
them. My heart
is Apache
and I will
fight!

"It was long before I saw Dazli again. For a long time, we avoided the Anglo and the Mexican soldiers but we were at last captured, betrayed by other Apaches working for the American General George Crook

"Dazli was with them."

Rosa, I need you to listen. You must get word to Goyathlay.

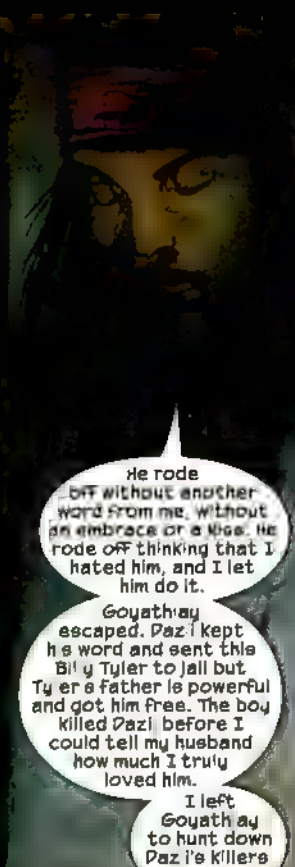
He must escape. He must not go with Crook. Rosa, I need you to help me convince him.

Why?! You helped the Anglos find us! You helped write the treaty! Why should I listen to you?!

A man named Billy Tyler looks to kill Goyathlay for his own ends. He will make it look as if the soldiers did it.

Goyathlay can easily escape now but if he rides to the reservation he will die and blood will flow. I will take care of this man Tyler. You must convince Goyathlay.

I know you hate me, but if you love our people-- do this.



He rode off without another word from me, without an embrace or a kiss. He rode off thinking that I hated him, and I let him do it.

Goyathlay escaped. Dazl kept his word and sent this Billy Tyler to jail but Tyler's father is powerful and got him free. The boy killed Dazl before I could tell my husband how much I truly loved him.

I left Goyathlay to hunt down Dazl's killers



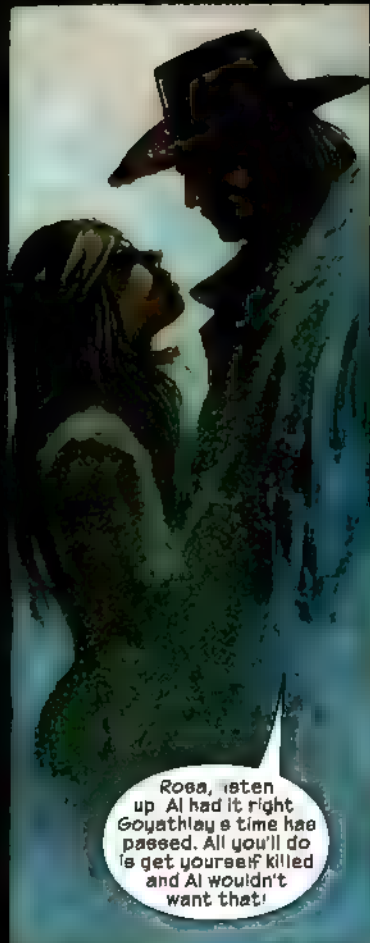
I knew Dazl as Al Kere. He was my friend and when I hear how he died, I also started hunting his killers

Guess it's all ending. I heard on the train that Geronimo has surrendered again taking him to Fort Bowie over San Antonio way



What?!

No! I will not permit this! Goyathlay will not languish in the hands of the white devils! If I do not free him then let death take me!



Rosa, listen up Al had it right Goyathlay's time has passed. All you'll do is get yourself killed and Al wouldn't want that!



He is dead and what he wants no longer matters!

KLOP!



Rosa!



You picked yourself a rattlesnake of a woman there, Al



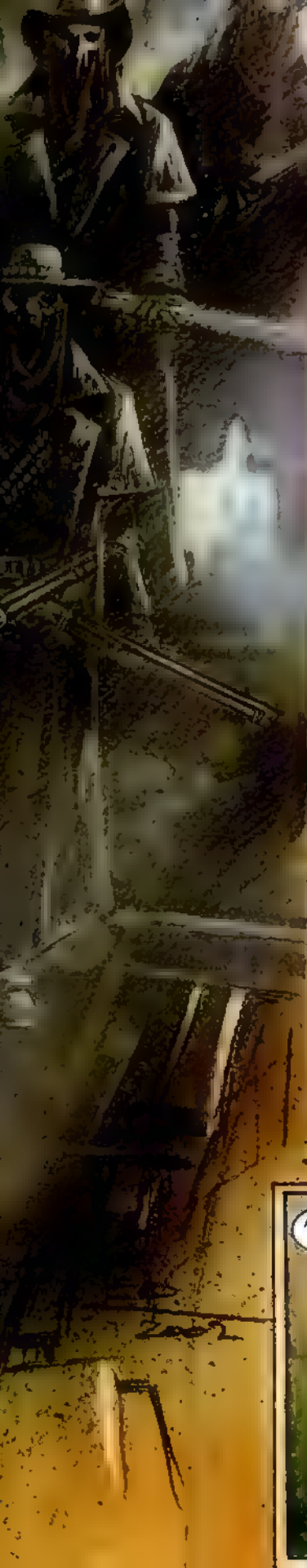
You're gonna owe me for this, pard



Back in Sagoro, a special train had arrived and discharged unholy passengers.

So, Sheriff, let me see if I have this right. You let the people who killed Mr. Tyler's only son escape and you've done nothing to chase them down.

Is that substantiated the case, sir?



You gotta understand me and my boys were shot up pretty bad, and with no horses and all.



Colonel Trask? A reply to your telegram, sir!



Uh huh

Mr. Tyler says to roust everyone and burn this town down, boys



What?! You can't



It's Mr. Tyler's town. All he asked was that you all keep his son alive until we got here. And you couldn't do that

Billy Tyler's dead. The town should die. Seems fair to me



And you're fired

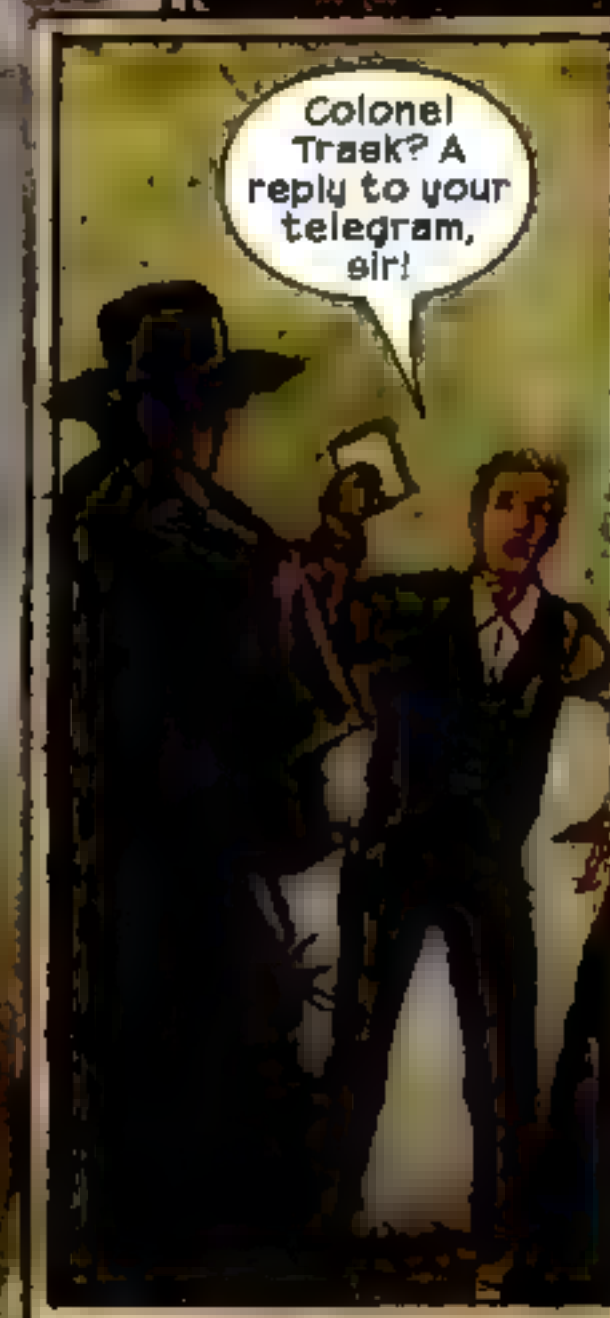
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Billy Tyler's dead. The town should die. Seems fair to me.



And you're fired.



Get Billy
Tyler's body.
Put it on the
train. Send it to
his Pa in San
Antonio.

Finish
the town and
then saddle up,
boys. We got
more work
to do.

We got
some scalps to
collect.

**NEXT:
PURSUIT!**



**M
A
X**
COMICS

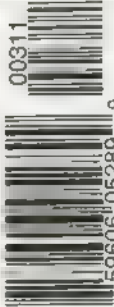
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CHAPTER 3 TRUST

And when the train made its return trip through Sagoro the next morning, the crew found a coffin waiting at the station, the sheriff dead, the town still burning, and armed and hooded men walking the streets.

**APACHE SKIES BY
JOHN OSTRANDER AND
LEONARDO MANCO**

EDITED BY PAUL TUTTONE

**ASSISTANT EDITORS ANDY SCHMIDT
& MARC SUMERAK**

EDITOR TOM BREVDORT

**EDITOR IN CHIEF JOE QUESADA
PRESIDENT BILL JEMAS**

And Colonel Trask was just giving final instructions to one of his men.

We clear on everything, Mulchahy?

Yessir, Colonel Trask. I take care of things here and then catch you up.

Correct. We're following the killers' trail, you should be able to follow ours. See you by sunset.

What the high holy hell's goin' on here, Ramon?



Mr. Tyler's son Billy got killed and this man, Trask, he burn down the town on Mr. Tyler's order. Tyler, he owns the railroad, the town, and he blames us for his son's death.

Well, get on the train, Ramon. We'll take you to the next town at least.

Be a short trip t' hell, Ramon. Boss says nobody from this town rides th' train.

It's maybe fifty miles to any other settlement, boy. You can't ask folks to walk all that way with nothin'. A lot of 'em will die!

Suits me. You can walk with 'em if you want, coon.

KL-KLATCH!

Son, I am an
old black man and
I just don't give a
fuck any more
I just don't

Been deal'n with
assholes like you all my
life and I figure t'have
a bellyful! So you drop
weapons and shut the
hell up, hear?

Whatever
you say

Got that right Ramon, tie up
the bad boy and then get as
many townsfolk as you can
and put 'em on the train.
They got a free ride
to San Antonio

Old Man
Tyler'll have
yore ass,
coon

I very
much doubt
that

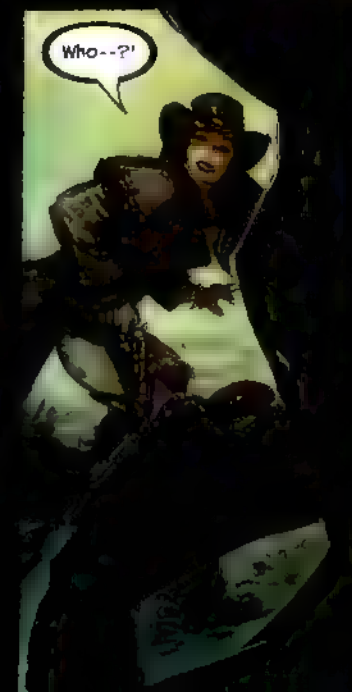
And he can
have this job. I'd
rather starve than
take another nickel from
that man after this. And
you keep your tongue
civil or I'll personally
carve it out of your
mouth... boy



Night fell on the Alamo and San Antonio went to sleep. The virtuous ones in that town, anyway



But not everyone in San Antonio was virtuous- then or now.





He lo,
Rosa.
Remember
me?

You kicked
me in the
nuts outside
Sagoro



Johnnybart
Rawhide Kid. What
do you want?

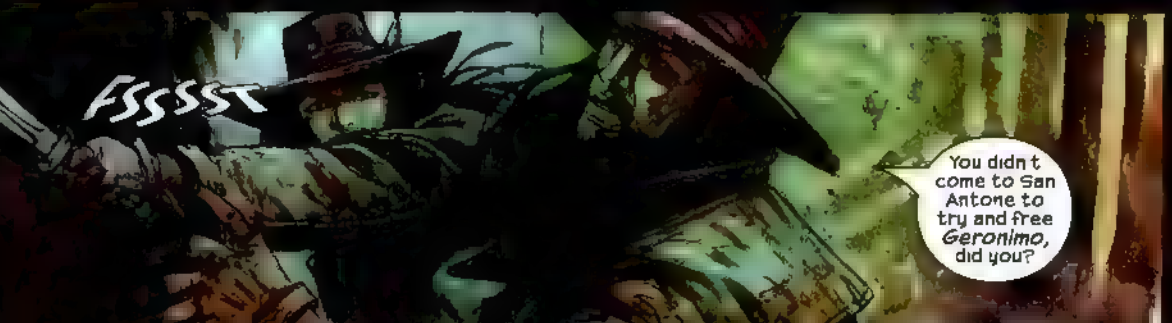
What
th hell you
doin' here,
Rosa?



None
of your damn
business.
What do you
care?



Apache Kid
was a friend of
mine. Just lookin' out
for you, see n' as
you're his widow
and all.



You didn't
come to San
Antone to
try and free
Geronimo,
did you?



You want
to be treated like
a man? Al- right A man
calls me that, they're
on the ground or
under it

If a time
or situation
demands my life, so
be it. I'll pony up
But I won't piss
my life away for
nothin'

You're lookin'
to die. Problem is
some bluecoats are just
lookin' for a reason to kill
Geronimo and the others!
Odds are you'll not only
get yourself killed
but them a'ong
with you!

Better
death than
an Anglo
prison!

You
ask Geronimo
about it or you
just making up every-
body's mind for them?
You're just a slut for the
grave, aren't you?

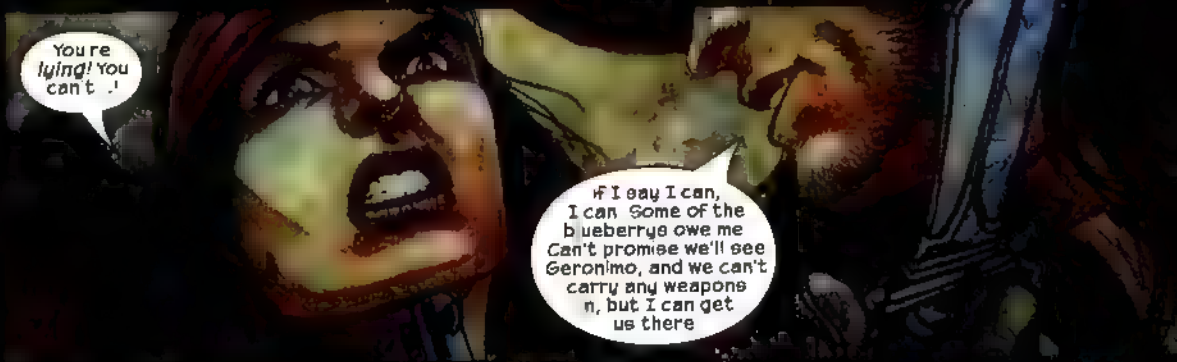
AAAAAH!

KL-
KLATCH



I can put
you in the
ground if you
insist.

Or I can
take you to the
Apache prisoners
and you can
ask them what
they want



You're
lying! You
can't .!

If I say I can,
I can. Some of the
blueberrys owe me
Can't promise we'll see
Geronimo, and we can't
carry any weapons
n, but I can get
us there



How can
I trust you?
You're an Anglo
like them!

Choose
Trust me or not
We can kill each other
in this alley or go
talk Pick



I'll trust
you

For now



Now's
all we ever
get



"I'll make the arrangements after the sun comes up."

Well, Billy... you always were a little shit. Your mother loved you and, God rest her soul, I loved her. And you were my son, come what may. You were a stupid, stupid boy, but you were mine.



Mister Tyler.

Colonel Trask. This is an unpleasant surprise. Unless you are here to deliver the scalps of those who killed my boy, may I ask what you're doing in San Antonio?



Bring them to me alive, Colonel! Or, at least, reasonably alive! I want to be the one that kills them!



Their trail leads here. The man and the woman knowing you'd come to get the body, I thought I'd tell you personal.

Thought you might

What about the porter let those townfolk ride the train? You want me to deal with him, too?

You and your boys are overpaid to beat a nigger to hell. No, no. I have people adequate to that task.

"If I ask the right ones,
they'd probably pay
me for the privilege!"

"Figger
you're good
as a white
man, doncha,
boy?"

KRAK!

Gonna
beat that
notion clean
outta yore
haid!

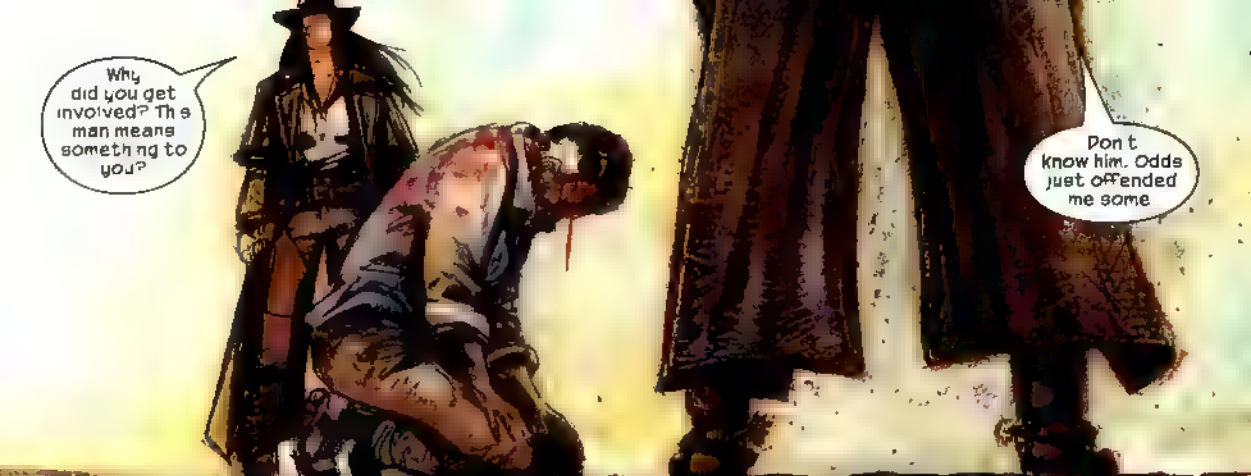
THAP!

Whatchew
doin', asshole?
This hain't none
yer bidness!

KRAK

Adjusting
the odds





Why did you get involved? This man means something to you?

Don't know him. Odds just offended me some



Not surprised you don't recognize me, son. Glad for th' help... though



Eustace Grimes. Don't forget someone done right by me. This done because of that?



Not direct y.

Got a rented room. Help me to that, son, and I'll explain some things you and th' lady should know...



They helped Grimes to his room in the Mexican part of town and he told them what happened at Sagoro.

Thanks kindly, m ss. Anyway, I remembers this Trask from them Railroad Wars. From what the folks say, he remembered you pretty good, too.



Yeah Well, we have some history, him and me



He's in town, too. Get away, son-- pronto! Far as you can get!



Plan to someth'g needs doing first

"Made a promise
to get Rosa in to
see her people."

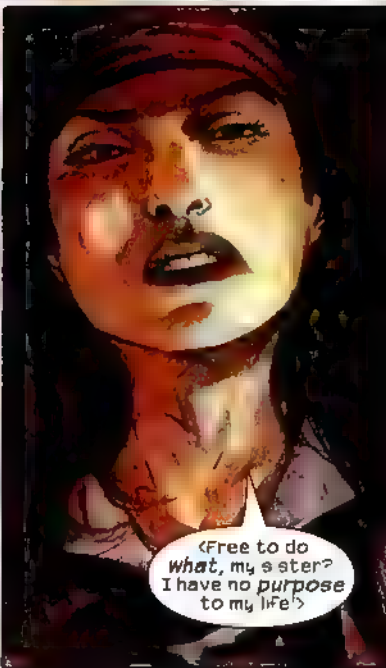
"It ain't the chief but this
is the best I can do for
ya, Johnny. When I says
g't, you go fast!"

"I hear
you Thanks,
pardner"

Lozen!

It was **Lozen** - woman
warrior of the Apache
Legend. Sister to the
famous chief Victorio,
himself the son of
Cochise. He called her
"my good right hand."

In later days, she rode
with Geronimo until the
end. She surrendered
with him and went into
exile with him. She was a
great Apache warrior--
and a sister, in spirit if
not in blood, to Rosa.





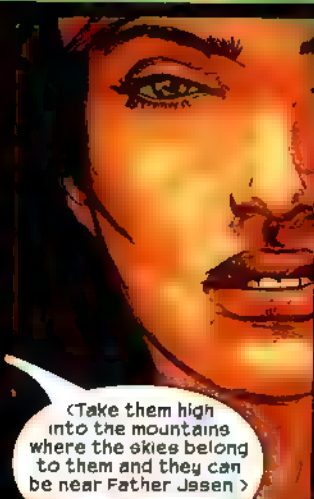
<Tomorrow
they take some
of our children
away to a far
away place >



<They say
they will teach them
to be white, to forget
what it is to be of
the people. >



<Steal them,
Little Sister
Steal our
children >



<Take them high
into the mountains
where the skies belong
to them and they can
be near Father Jassen >



<Teach
them our ways
so we are not
forgotten Will
you do this? >

<I will try,
Lozen. I don't
know how
but... yes, I will
do this >



<Then go now Our
hearts go with you
and our hopes >

Understand
the lingo some
Enough, I guess
How you p anning
to get those
k ds away?

I don't
know Yet.
But I will find
a way!



Well, as you
said, I'm pretty good
at plans I might have
one that would serve
you nterested?

Tell me,
Johnnybart I am..
interested

The Reverend Orville Phillips was not an evil man, I think. He was a man with a clear moral vision. Much evil is done by such people.

He was one of several gathering Indian children to be taught back East in a school. Taught how to be white. For the children's benefit, they said. For the survival of the Indian. For the good of all. As the white man saw it.

From now on, you will speak **only** English, children. Do you understand? Those who do not will be punished severely. You must learn.

Reverend Phillips? Would y'all come this way, suh? Yo' train has been changed.

TAP-TAPTAP-TAPPA-TAP

Humpf! I thought we were to take this train!

Nossuh. Sorry, suh. This train has somethin' wrong wid it. Dis way, suh. You and de children.

TAP-TAPPA-TAPPA-TAP-TAP

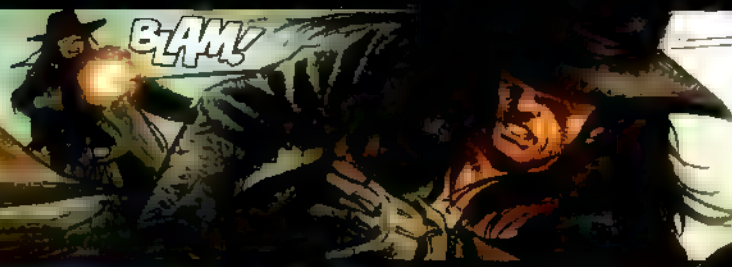
RRRRRIIP!



And I
got you
dead to
rights



BAM!



KABLAM!



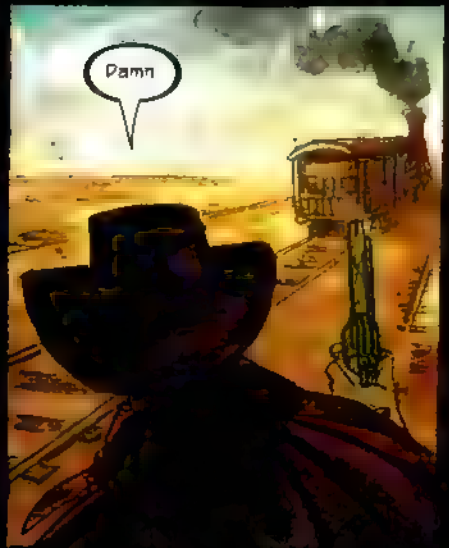
Get us
going, Eustace!
That's bound
to bring us
company!

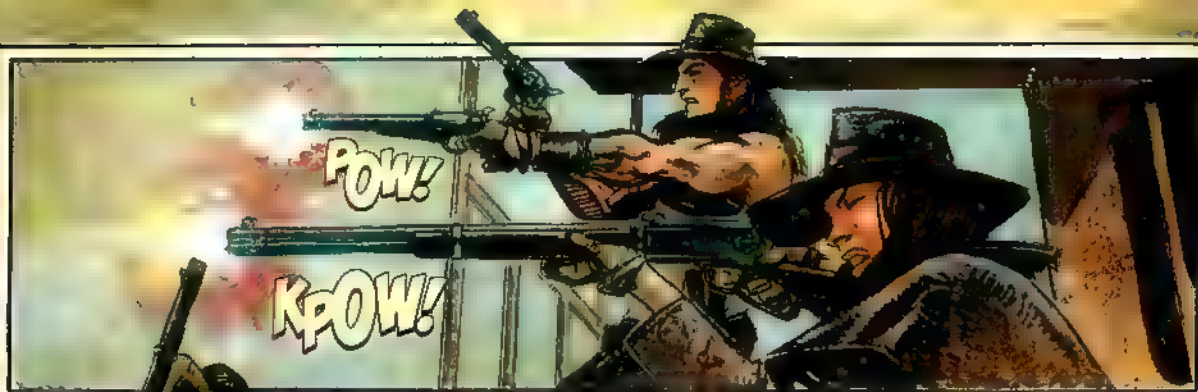


ERROOM!









POW!

KPOW!



UHG!

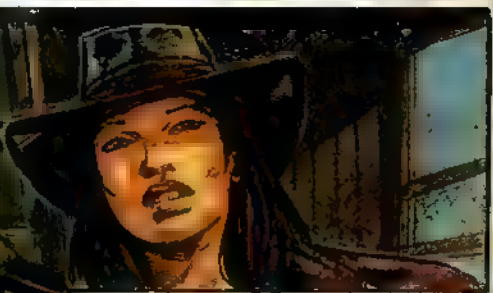


Fal back!
Get to the
horses!



Well, they
know we're here, a
ttle sooner than
I hoped

Ths just
got a who e
lot tougher,
Rosa



The rails
oop around some
before leaving town! I
want us to cut them off
before they n't open
country

LET'S
RIDE!



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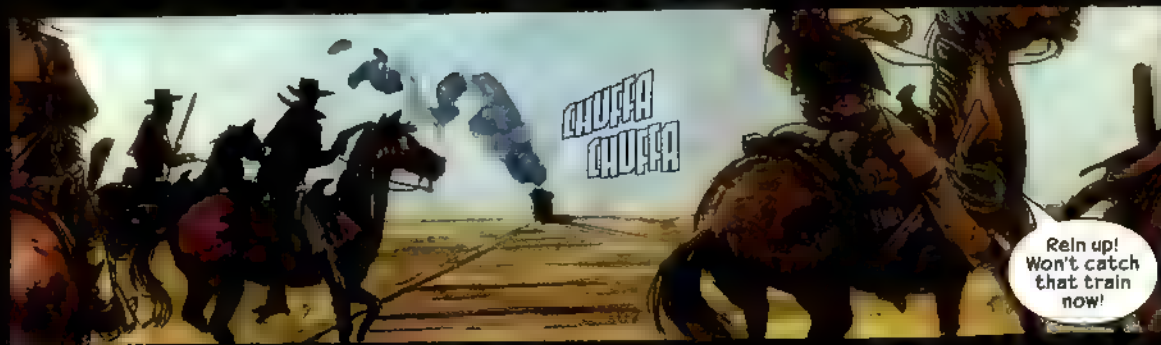




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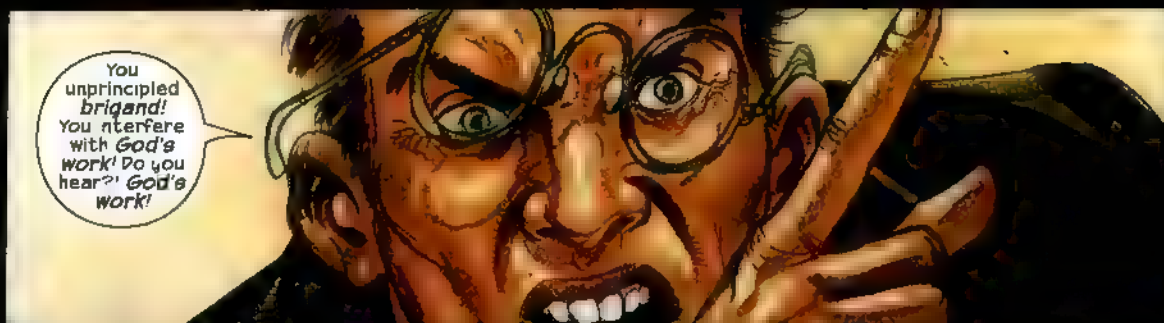


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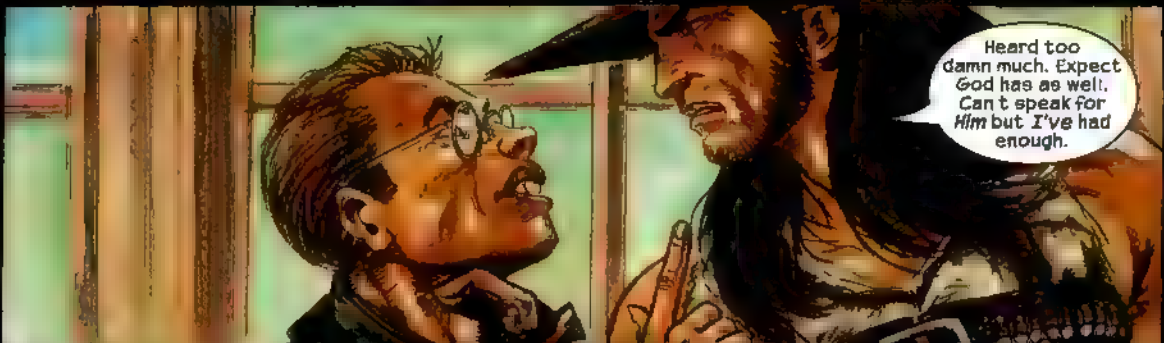


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You unprincipled brigand! You nterfere with God's work! Do you hear? God's work!



Heard too damn much. Expect God has as well. Can't speak for Him but I've had enough.



No Please. Don't kill me.



Not planning to kill you, Reverend

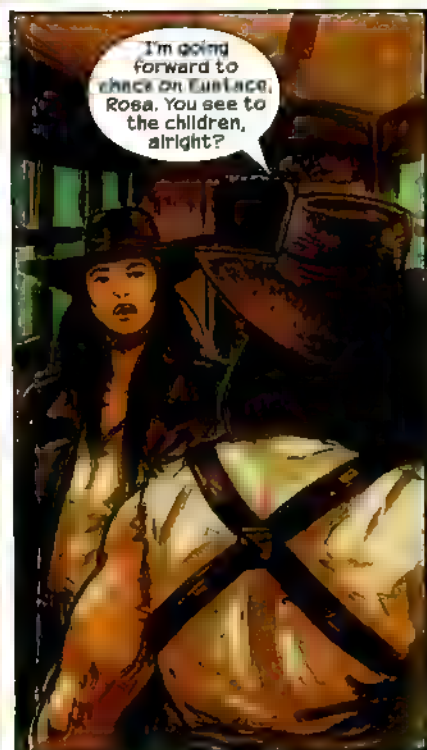
Not planning to travel with you any further, either.





You devil!
I'll see you
in hell!

Expect
you will.



I'm going
forward to
check on Eulace.
Rosa. You see to
the children,
alright?



<Rosa, where
do we go now? Are
we going back to
our parents??>

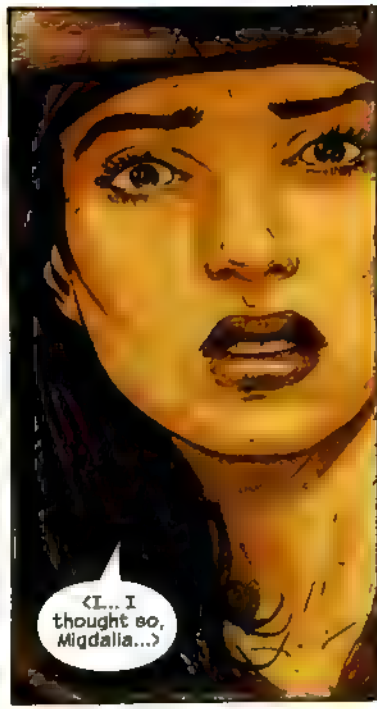


<No, Migdalia.
Your parents asked
me to take you up into
the mountains where
the Naze lived, keep you
free, teach you the old
ways, until maybe
later they can join
you again.>

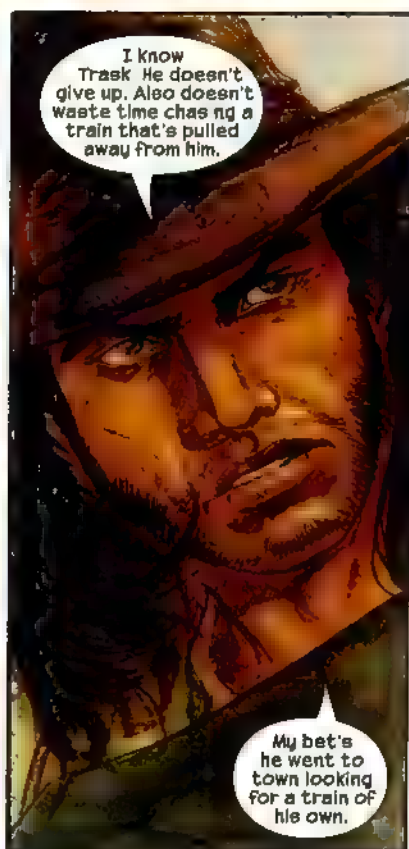
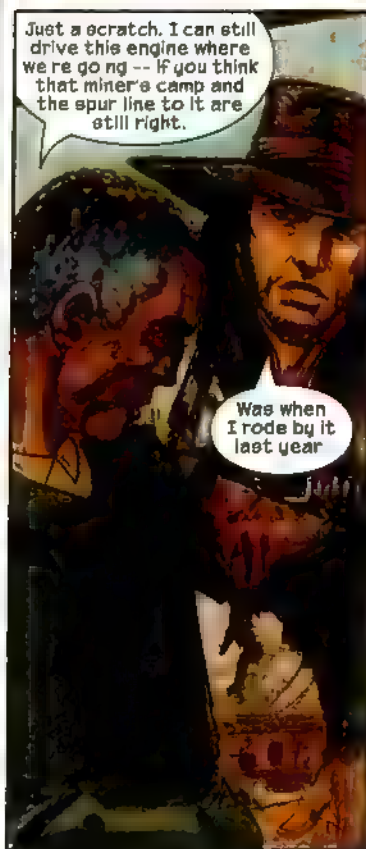


<After you left us,
the Anglos found us. They
made Goyathlay surrender.
I was very angry with you. I
thought that if you had not
gone, this would not have
happened.>

<Why did
you leave us, Rosa?
Why did you leave me?
Was it so important??>



<I... I
thought so,
Migdalia...>





Old man
Tyler's still in
town collecting his
dead boy. Figure
Trask will get
the use of his
train?

Be my
bet



Son, I've
got to tell you--
Tyler's train is
newer and top of
the line. Got to be
faster than this
old girl.

We got
maybe an hour to
an hour and a half head
start tops. All sort of tricks
we can play that'll delay
'em, but the hard fact is that,
sooner or later, they're
going to catch
up to us.



I know.
Question is
where.



I know these
men. So long as Rosa
and me are alive, they
won't quit. And those kids
won't have a ghost of a
chance. Unless the
matter is *decided*, once
and for all, out where
no one sees.

You got a
plan, don't you,
Johnny?



Usually
Try to have more
than one in case the
first one comes
up bust.

Now let's get
up a full head
of steam on this
old girl. We got
some travelling
to do.

What's the holdup? Thought we were in a hurry to get goin'.

All I know is this preacher comes flappin' down the rails, demandin' to see Mr. Tyler. He's in there right now with Tyler and the Colonel.

And what is it you want of me, Reverend Phillips?

Why, to go *after* these renegades, sir! And bring me along!

Punishing those sinners is important, but getting the children back *safely*, of course, must be our first priority!

That how you see it, Colonel Trask?

First job's to kill Rawhide and the girl! Beyond that--well, I know a man'll pay a good bounty for those children's *scalps*.

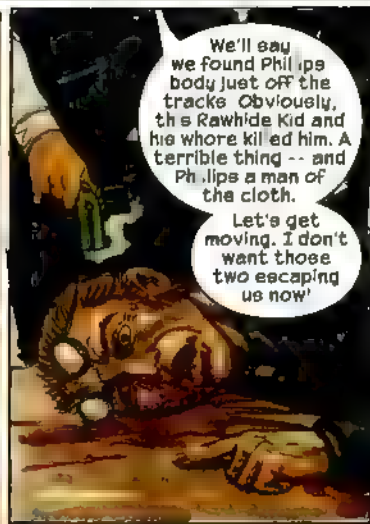
What?! That's *barbaric*, sir! That's *obscene*! I demand you give me the name of the man that would do such an odious thing!

BLAM!



That would be me.

Best to kill vermin when they are small, you see, before they grow into larger problems.



We'll say we found Phillips body just off the tracks. Obviously, the Rawhide Kid and his whore killed him. A terrible thing -- and Phillips a man of the cloth.

Let's get moving. I don't want those two escaping us now!



They won't I know Johnny Bart. He won't let go of the kids and they'll slow him down.

We'll catch them, and then they'll all die.

Our train pounded away, mile after mile. Rosa and the Rawhide Kid shot out the telegraph lines at intervals so they couldn't be repaired and a warning sent on ahead.

The Rawhide Kid used chain to mangle switches and pull up track but he knew our pursuers had the men to fix them quickly. So we kept running, all that day and into the night, taking a spur up into the Apache Mountains.

We could feel them getting closer. It felt like death was approaching. And no one outruns their own death.

We stopped at an abandoned miner's camp up in the Apache Mountains. Rosa argued about taking the time but the Rawhide Kid insisted. We scoured the camp and found some coal oil and a keg of gunpowder.

Alright, kids - we're good. Back on the train.

We then ran up as far as we could -- maybe another hour. A deep gorge was spanned by a shaky wooden bridge and, on the other side, Rawhide Kid stopped the train again -- one last time -- and spread the coal oil on the timbers behind us.

FWEEET!

The gunpowder -- are you going to set that as well?

Not enough to do real damage. I got other plans for that keg

Whatever that plan is, you'd best be ready to make it work

Here they come!



Get
on the
train



Come on,
Johnnybart!



Not *your*
train



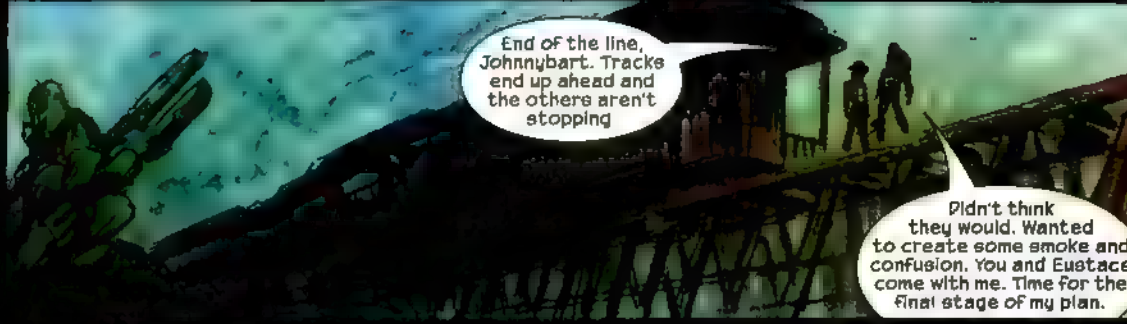
Why you
elowing us down,
engineer?

That bridge
is old, rickety,
and on fire, Colonel
Trask! I a'n't
riakin' my train
on that!



And I
don't need
you to
run it.

CHUFF!
CHUFF!



End of the line,
Johnnybart. Tracks
end up ahead and
the others aren't
stopping

Didn't think
they would. Wanted
to create some smoke and
confusion. You and Eustace
come with me. Time for the
final stage of my plan.



We uncouple
the last car. Eustace,
have the engine give us a
push back down the track
I'll ride 'er and stuff the
gunpowder keg down
their smokestack

I miss for any
reason, then you
open the throttle
send our whole train
back down-- ram
them sumbitches.
Knock 'em over
the side

Have
you gone
mad?!

This is *suicide*,
Johnnybart!



Long
odds, but not
suicide.

Told you before--
if the time came to
risk my life or give it, I'd
do it... for the right reason.
This is the time. Those
kids are a right reason. You
take care of 'em, Rosa.



Another
time... another
place, Johnnybart,
and I... we...
might.

We had
what we had.
Good enough
for me

I get away from this, I won't join you. Some of Tyler's people may still be looking for us. I'll lead 'em away towards Mexico.

You need help, get up to Montana and a town called **Wonderment**. Ask after Reno Jones. Mention my name. They'll do right by you.

Son, I don't know if you're a fool, crazy, or a damn hero -- but I've been proud to know you!

Just trying to do right as I see it, Eustace. Same as I always done. Let's get this rig rolling.

KILL!
'em *all*, boys, when we catch 'em! You hear?! No one gets out alive!

"Got a hard ride into hell a-coming."

Whut th' hell is that?!

CLACK-
KLI-
KLASK

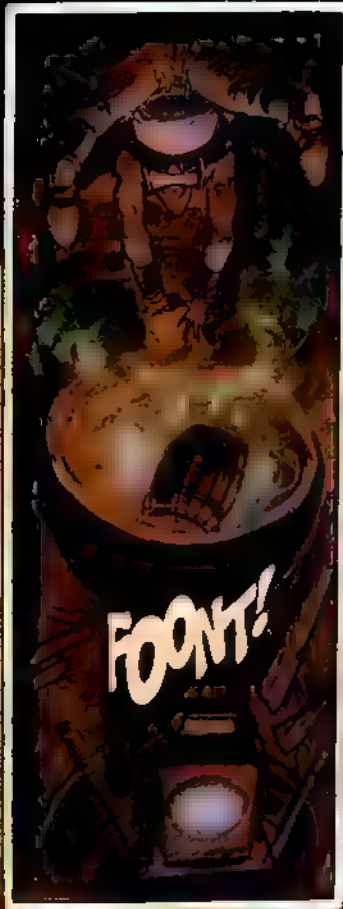
TRASK!

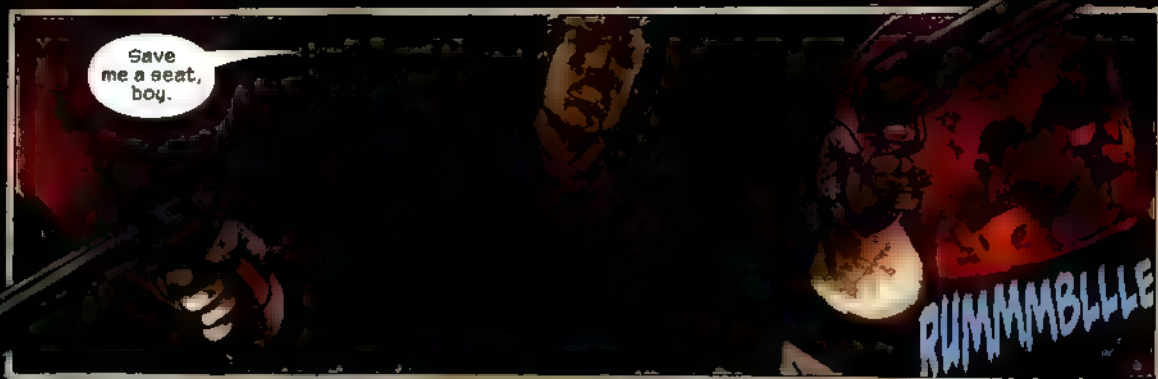
You
owe me some
lives!

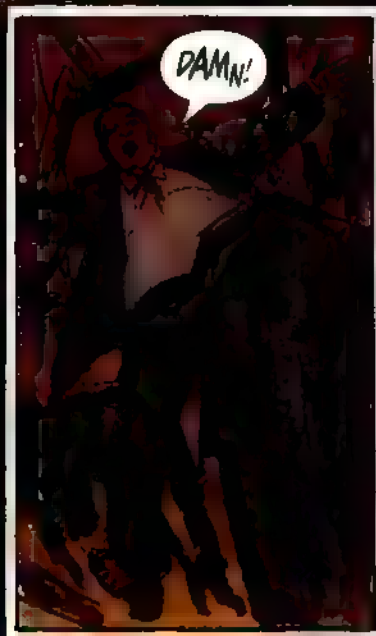
I've come
to collect!

PAW
PAW
PAW
POW!

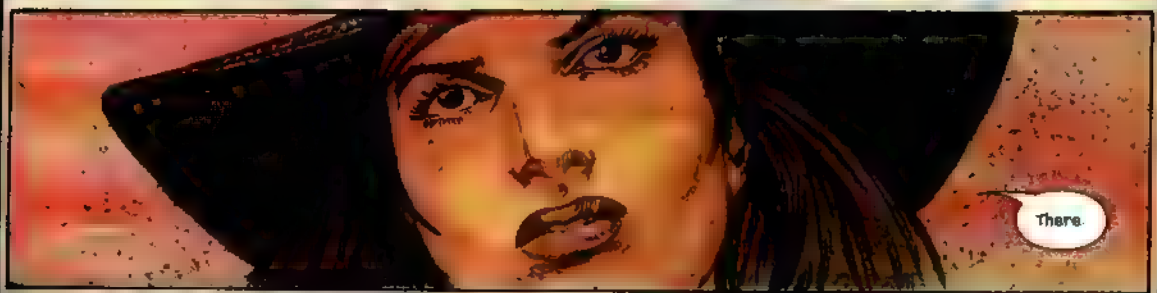
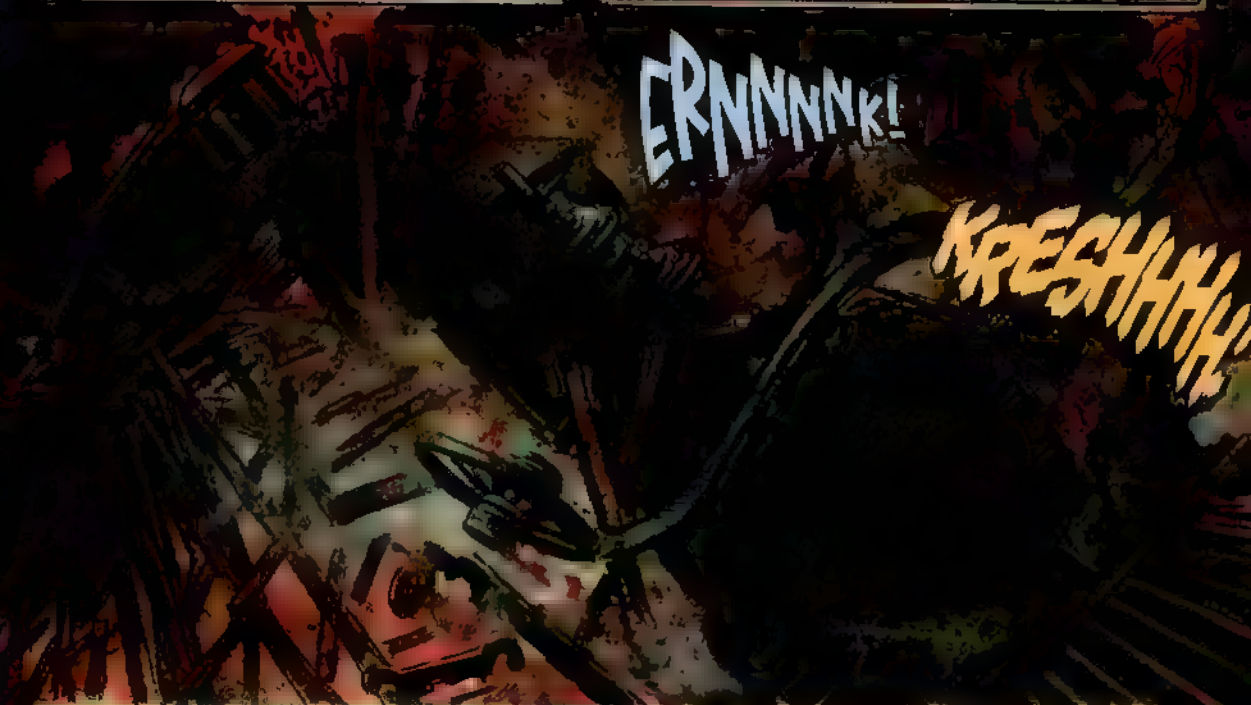
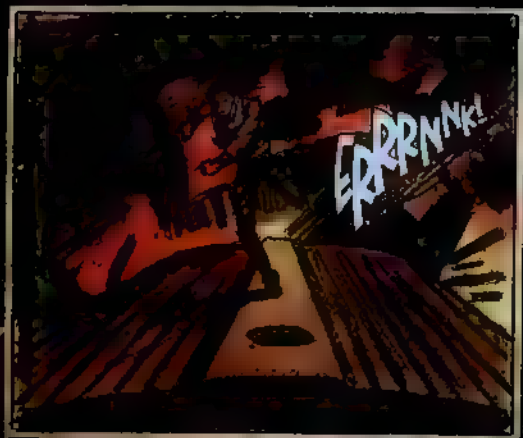












For a moment, the smoke eddied and parted, like a curtain. On the other side of the gorge, we saw a figure. He seemed as if he were made of smoke himself.



He looked at us for a long time. There was a desire to be with us in his eyes, but a restlessness also.



The winds shifted.
The smoke eddied
again. The curtain
closed.



When the smoke
parted again, he
was not there. I
could not tell you
if it was a man or
ghost that I saw.



Later, we climbed down into
the gorge and made sure that
none of those who followed
us were still alive. There we
found Tyler's journal amidst
the wreckage.

That is how I know
what he said and did
with Colonel Trask.
And of how the
Reverend Phillips died.

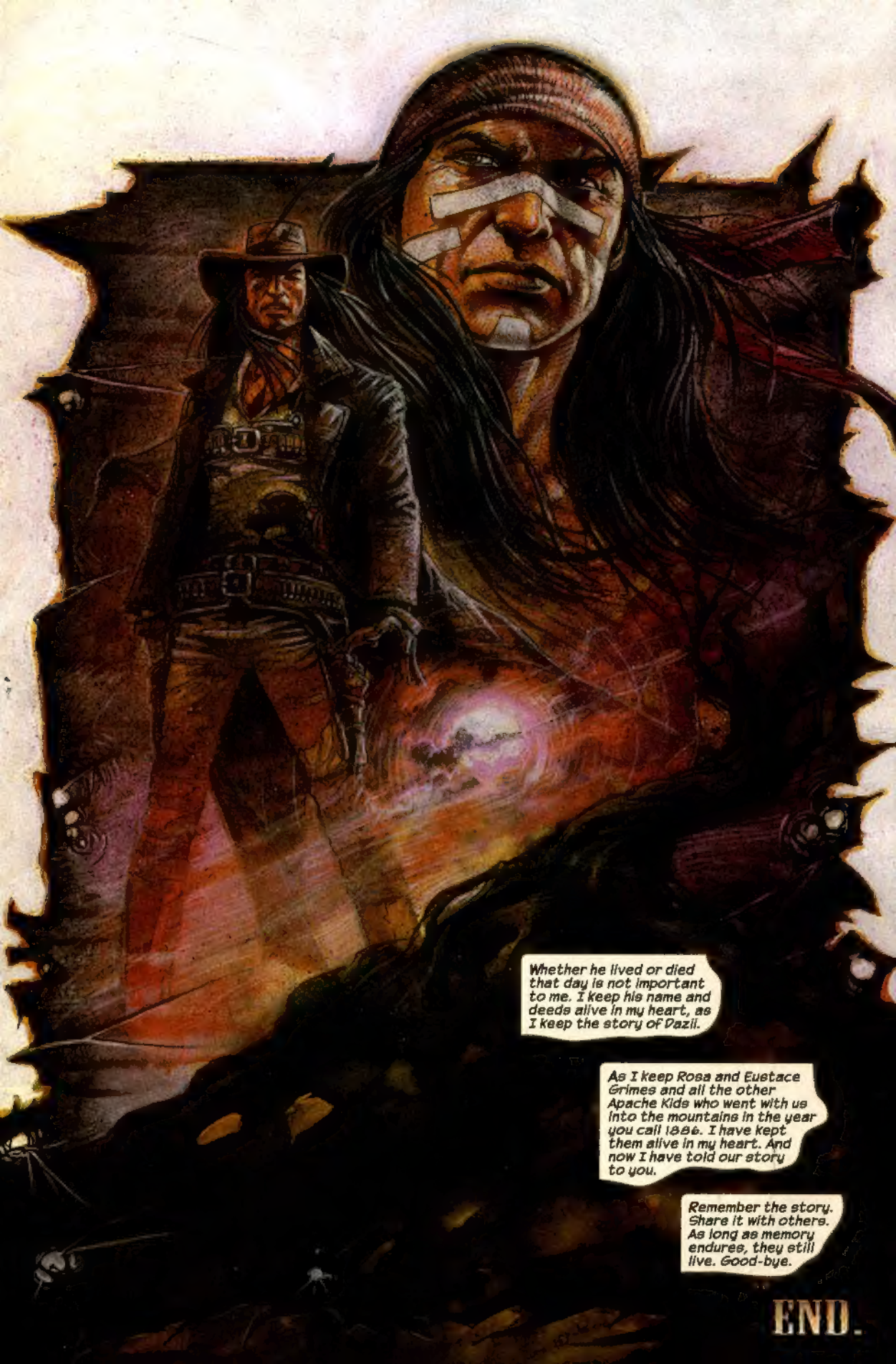


The rest I know from
what Rosa or Eustace
Grimes told me, or from
my own eyes.

My name is Migdalia,
in the language of the
Mexicans. Long Memory
in the language of my
people.



Johnnybart, the
Rawhide Kid, I never
saw again. We heard
stories of him later
so perhaps he did
live. But I never
saw him again.



Whether he lived or died
that day is not important
to me. I keep his name and
deeds alive in my heart, as
I keep the story of Dazil.

As I keep Rosa and Eustace
Grimes and all the other
Apache Kids who went with us
into the mountains in the year
you call 1886. I have kept
them alive in my heart. And
now I have told our story
to you.

Remember the story.
Share it with others.
As long as memory
endures, they still
live. Good-bye.

END.



ghoul

